

White Cloud

Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

"FORGET THEE!"

Forget thee! Ay, when life shall cease
To thrill this heart of mine;
But still I'll think of thee
On some lone hill of thine.
Oh, no! it mingles with the sound
Of everything I hear—
And think you I can e'er forget
One I have loved so dear?
Forget thee! When I raise my eyes
To yon blue arch above,
I think how oft I've gazed with thee,
On those bright eyes of love;
And as they tell their sweetest tale,
Still changeless, clear and free,
I think how much I like to see,
In thy true love for me.
Forget thee! 'Tis a bitter word—
I would it were not said—
Forgetfulness is not with life,
But with the silent dead;
And till the icy hand of death
Shall clasp my throbbing brow,
This heart shall still remain as true,
As constant—pure as now.
Forget thee! When I kneel in prayer,
Thou still art by my side,
And the soft tones seem mingling with
Our hymns at evening;
And when thy name is blended with
Each pure and hallowed thought,
Is fervent orisons to Heaven—
Say, can't thou then be forgot?
Forget thee! Yes, when e'er my grave
The careless feet shall tread;
When this cold heart has found its rest
With all the quiet dead—
I then may cease to love, in Heaven,
As earthly mortal do;
But, till I meet thee, love, in Heaven,
With best unchanged and true.

Miscellaneous.

NAMES OF STATES.

The following information relative to the derivations of the names of the States, will be found interesting—
Maine was first called *Marcoshen*, but about 1638, took the name it now bears, from Maine, a province in the West of France. The name is originally derived from Cessomani, an ancient Celtic people.
New Hampshire was named in honor of the territory granted by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, in 1606, and was derived from the name of the Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.
Vermont is from *ver*, green, and *mont*, mountains.
Massachusetts was named from a tribe of Indians in the vicinity of Boston. Roger Williams says the word signifies blue hills.
Rhode Island was so called in 1644, in relation to the island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.
New York was named in honor of the Duke of York, to whom this territory was granted.
Pennsylvania was called after William Penn. In 1664, the Duke of York made a grant of what is now the State of New Jersey, to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, and it received its name in compliment to the latter, who had been Governor of the island of Jersey.
Delaware was so called in 1702, after Lord De La War.
Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 3, 1632.
Virginia was so called after the virgin, Elizabeth, Queen of England.
The Carolinas were named by the French, in honor of Charles IX., of France.
Georgia was named in 1692, after George II. Louisiana was named after Louis XV., of France.
Florida received its name from Ponce de Leon, in 1512, while on his voyage in search of the Fountain of Youth. He discovered it on Easter Sunday—in Spanish, *Pascua Florida*.
Indiana was named from the American Indians.
The States of Connecticut, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Arkansas, Ohio, Missouri, and Wisconsin, are all named from their principal rivers, and the names are of Indian origin, excepting, perhaps, Kentucky—and her meaning is involved in some obscurity.
Michigan was named from the Lake on her borders.
Iowa is an Indian name; also, Texas, signifying beautiful.
California was thus named by the Spaniards, at a very early day.
A DUEL IN PHILADELPHIA.—Charles De Charment and R. Sherdon, two Philadelphia dandies, got into a quarrel at a party in that city, about their fancy vests and shirt studs, and a challenge was the consequence. Time, place, &c., were all arranged. When they arrived on the ground, the seconds discovered that the surgeon engaged for the occasion, had brought a case of obstetrical instruments, instead of those for gun shot wounds and extraneous balls; but as they had also, in their trepidation, forgotten the balls, and had nothing to load the pistols with but a piece of old newspaper and a little damaged powder, the mistake was regarded as of little consequence, and it was concluded to say nothing about it. At the first fire Sherdon fell, from fright, and De Charment fled. Sherdon recovered, however—the explanation that there was no ball in the pistol, concluding more to his comfort, than the doctor and his instruments; but De Charment has not since been heard of, and it is thought he has taken the steamer for Europe. He may be recognised by his fancy vest and shirt studs.

SECRET HISTORY OF TEXAS.

The New Orleans Picayune, of a late date, says:
The present canvass for Governor of Texas is throwing a good deal of light upon some portions of political history that have been hitherto very obscure. Gen. Houston is a candidate for Governor, and in his electioneering speeches, which are mainly personal, resting his claims to support on old service to Texas, he has made statements of facts, and allusions to individuals, which provoke denial and retort. The diplomatic mysteries of annexation are opened to the public, and a very clear insight given into the negotiations of 1844-45, which Houston afterwards describes as "coquetting" with England, but which subsequent facts show to have been a very serious proposal to put Texas under the control of Great Britain, by her protection by the pledge never to consent to be annexed to the United States.

These things have been hinted at and charged often before against Gen. Houston. They are now distinctly revived and the proof furnished by Anson Jones, formerly President of Texas, and the Secretary of State under Houston's administration, when these negotiations were undertaken.

The present dispute commenced between Houston and Gen. Pinckney Henderson, who was one of the negotiators of the first (rejected) treaty with the United States in 1844, wherein the United States assumed the payment of the debts of Texas, in consideration of the cession of the public domain of the State—a good bargain for the United States—which the Senate refused to sanction. In the course of this canvass Gen. Houston has asserted that this treaty was made without his authority, and against his express instructions, and he accompanied this declaration with terms of great personal abuse of Gen. Henderson. Anson Jones was appealed to for testimony to the falsity of this denial, and has responded in a letter, which gives the flat contradiction to everything which General Houston said on this subject. He states that the treaty was negotiated on instructions furnished by himself, which were fully sanctioned by Houston; that after the treaty was received, it met with Houston's unqualified approbation; and that he has the evidence of this in Houston's own handwriting. Proceeded to defend the commissioners, Messrs. Henderson and Van Zandt, against the attacks on them by Houston, the ex-President uses the following plain words:

"I can imagine, therefore, of no condemnation severe enough for a man who, knowing all this and actuated by a low, sordid, grovelling ambition for a petty office, would assert to the contrary, unless there be, as Milton expressed it, 'in the lowest depths a depth still lower,' to which he might be appropriately consigned, with other hyenas in human form, that prey upon the dead, and 'live on garbage.'"
He goes on, however, to state some additional facts bearing on the negotiations of that treaty, and the history of annexation, for which he vouches, as Secretary of State, and during most of the time actual President, because Houston was seldom at the seat of government. When it was apparent, just previous to the Presidential election in 1844, in the United States, that annexation would fail in the United States Senate, Gen. Houston, without communicating through the Secretary of State, adopted the policy of an immediate closing with England, and wrote, with his own hand, direct instructions to the Texas Commissioners in Washington City, to accept the proposals of a joint guarantee of France and England, upon the pledge to be made that Texas would never be annexed to the United States.

The Secretary of State, and the foreign ministers disagreed with Gen. Houston, and the plan was frustrated. Ex-President Jones adds:—"Gen. Houston took an opposite course, and had I coincided with him, the foreign alliance would have been consummated, and annexation defeated." This letter is on file at Austin, with another, which Gov. Jones refers to as a diplomatic curiosity. According to his version, it contains this instruction to the agents of Texas: "make the foreign ministers drink two glasses of wine to your one, and thus obtain their secrets from them!" Sharp practice that! Fuddle your opponents and pump them! We suppose that in view of this extra duty, imposed upon Texas Ministers abroad, that Houston estimated a hard head as among their necessary qualifications. The best diplomatist must be a good tortoise.

We have laid aside this letter of Anson Jones upon Houston, as one of the aids for understanding the political history of annexation, and shall look carefully to what Houston may have to say in reply.
A TERRIBLE LEAGUE.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Times, speaking of the late attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon, says:
It is reported that one of the prisoners, Rodio, has turned State's evidence, and that, in his confession, he has revealed a plot that does not offer a very smiling prospect for the Emperor. According to Rodio's confession, the conspirators were five hundred in number. They are bound to their work by a terrible oath, and their object is the assassination of Louis Napoleon. Each year, or oftener, if circumstances will warrant the attempt, the whole band are to draw lots from a box, in which there will be five winning numbers. The five members drawing these are held to put in immediate execution an attempt upon the Emperor's life, which shall be approved by the whole society, and by those who are charged with its execution. The society has plenty of money for carrying out its designs.

A Wisconsin correspondent of the Rochester Union states, that in going from Prairie du Chien to La Crosse, a few days ago, a singular scene was presented on the steamer. At one end of the long saloon a clergyman was preaching to a small crowd gathered around him; in the middle of the saloon was a busy progress; and at the other end of the saloon there were music and dancing.

WESTERN SPECULATION.

In an editorial letter to the Boston Traveller, dated at Keokuk, we find a more truthful view of the state of affairs and prospects at the West, than is observed by many of our eastern exchanges, most of which seem to think that because we are draining the region of capital and enterprising men, we must therefore be going to destruction by the lightning line.—Des Moines Valley Whig.

My observations have certainly been hasty, they may have been superficial; but such as they have been, they lead me irresistibly to the conclusion that commercial writers at the east are wrong in ascribing to speculations in western lands the present stringency in the money market, and furthermore warning eastern farmers not to emigrate to the west. For my part, I believe that if many who still cling to the east, were to come out to the fertile valleys of this great west, it would be greatly to their advantage. Where they now are, they can hope for but little more than they already possess. Here there is nothing reasonable or desirable for which they may not justly hope. Now it seems, and is a very plain proposition, when the best prime lands of Iowa, than which the sun never shines on lands more beautiful, can be purchased for \$1.25 to \$10.00 per acre, and when one acre of that land will produce from forty to one hundred bushels of corn, and when corn is worth as it is now and will be for years at least, fifty cents a bushel, that farming in the west must be profitable to an extent never before known.

Here, upon the same extent of ground, three fold can be produced above that in New England, with scarcely one-third the labor. There are many other facts, of course, which should enter into a correct calculation of the relative advantages of farming at the east and the west, such as the price of land, and the notorious fact that for two-thirds of what is produced on a farm there is a better market here than in New England. The advantages are all on one side, and will be so long as immigration continues.

An old lady residing about twenty miles from this city, informed me the other day, that for the last year the income from her poultry yard was some \$8 per week, during nearly the whole year, and that during the same season her cows paid for themselves in a few weeks, and well they might—with butter ranging at from 25 to 50 cents per pound—milk 5 to 8 cents per quart—eggs from 12 to 40 cents a dozen, &c. Many farmers who had not the means to purchase farms are getting rich in renting land, paying from two to four dollars per acre annually for farms under cultivation, and with the necessary improvements. Lands within fifteen miles of this city can be purchased now for from five to twenty dollars per acre, and that too of the very best kind of land, having the advantage of a market for every kind of produce better than even the New England railroad towns possess.

It seems to me apparent that it is not the speculation but the short crops which have caused the stagnation in business that now exists almost universally. When money is invested in land, it remains in the country, and cannot directly conduce to a scarcity. But when money is invested in killing the soil, and the crops fail, that amount of capital is thrown away, is destroyed, and it is this which conduces to stringency in the money market and consequent stagnation in business. Now it is a notorious fact that two out of the last three crops have been, as to some important articles of produce, almost universal failures. There have been two very cold successive winters, late springs and dry summers, which have so affected the crops in the midst of the richest corn growing country in the world, corn has sold at even five dollars a bushel, potatoes at two dollars, and everything else required for consumption at the same rates.

Now any one must see that whether or not there has been one dollar invested in land more than was actually cultivated, the present condition of things would be the natural and inevitable result of such crops. It is to my mind equally apparent that if the crops had been universal good and abundant, it would be impossible for the present state of things to exist.

It is simply folly for papers like the New York Herald and other croakers to compare the present with the times of '36 and '37, and to draw any conclusions from it to the application to the other. We have no United States Bank, nor any other monopoly, about which a Jackson and a Biddle may quarrel, and which expiring, unprepared for death, shall again shake to their foundation, the finances of the country, and engulf in ruin the business and property of millions of our citizens. The country is not now, as then, flooded with a worse than worthless currency, created by an ill digested system of legislation, to supply the place of a defunct National Bank.

Then the country was full of produce, for which there was no market, so that farming, which must always be a great resource, and constitute the means of our national wealth, was a ruinous investment, even in the midst of the most bountiful crops. Now our aggregate currency is of a healthy and reliable character, almost as safe as could be reasonably expected or desired, while every article of produce is in the greatest demand, and farming has become the most surely lucrative employment. It seems evident, therefore, that all we need to relieve the present stringency in the money market is a good and universal crop the coming fall, and for that purpose, so far as I have observed and inquired, is good.

ABOLITION OF THE DECLINE.—Fred Douglass complains bitterly that the friends of the abolition of slavery are falling away from the cause, some for one reason and some for another, and a good many because "its principles required them to treat the colored man as an equal brother in all the relations of life." There's the rub—the Abolitionists never were the true friends of the colored race, and after preaching equality and freedom so long to them, they shrink with loathing from the practical illustration of their own doctrine, and would almost as soon come in contact with Satan himself as a "pigger."

MA AILKEN ASHMORE.

AN IRISH SONG.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

When walking with the may day,
From golden dreams of yore,
I watch the ancient sunbeams play
Along the purple sea;
Of days I could not choose but weep,
As then wert mine to me.
Ah! grandmother, ma chollengra,
Ma Ailken Ashmore!
When twilight brings the weeping hours,
That sadden all the grove,
And angels leave their story hours,
To watch o'er faithful love,
Thy parting words, to me so sweet,
I breathe them o'er and o'er,
Ah! grandmother, ma chollengra,
Ma Ailken Ashmore!
But soon they'll lay me in the grave,
Where broken hearts should be;
And when, beyond the distant wave,
Thou dream'st of meeting me,
My sorrows all will be forgot,
And all the love I bore,
Ah, grandmother, ma chollengra,
Ma Ailken Ashmore!

A NEW CATECHISM.

The following catechism, which has its origin in the State of Tennessee, is reproduced for the benefit of the Delegates to the late Democratic Convention at Harrisburg. The copies for the Philadelphia Delegation are to be done up in black covers, and will be distributed on application at the whiskey saloon of Bill McMullin. No charge for the "strychnine" for one week.

Question.—What's your name?
Answer.—Lick Spittle.

Q.—Who gave you this name?

A.—My sureties to the Administration, in my political career, wherein I was made a member of the majority, a child of corruption, and a loquacious to devour the good things of this land.

Q.—What did your sureties then do for you?

A.—They did promise and vow three things in my name. First, that I should renounce the people and all their works, the pomps and vanities of free-born sovereignty, and all the sinful lust of independence. Secondly, that I should believe all the articles of the Kitchen Cabinet faith; and thirdly, that I should keep the President's sole will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.

Q.—Do you then not think that thou art bound to believe and to do as they have promised for thee?

A.—Yes, verily, and for my own sake, so I will; and I heartily thank our Federal President, that he has called me to this state of election, through my flattery, cringing and duplicity; and I pray to his successor to give me assistance, that I may continue the same to the end of my life.

Q.—What dost thou chiefly learn in the articles of thy political faith, as expounded in the Cincinnati Platform, and the contradictory edicts of the President?

A.—First, I learn to forswear all conscience, which was never meant to trouble me, nor the rest of the tribe of Buchanan politicians. Secondly, to swear black is white, or white black, according to the good pleasure of the President. Thirdly, to put on the helmet of impudence, the only armor against the shafts of patriotism.

Q.—What is National Democracy?

A.—Swearing that President Buchanan is always right, and that the Administration can never do or be in the wrong.

Question.—All right! that's what we mean by the phrase of Democratic principles.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN TO BE CONVICTED OF DECEIT.—Pardon Brownlow, writing to the Knoxville Whig, from New Orleans, gives the following as a portion of the evidence by which filibuster Walker expects to convict the President of duplicity in his conduct toward the Nicaraguan expedition:

"When Walker was arrested and held to bail in the sum of \$2,000, to appear at the Federal Court in New Orleans, Col. Slatter, a rich old bachelor in the city, went his bail. Slatter is the owner of the City Hotel, and the New Orleans Arcade, two houses which he rents for about \$40,000. He has \$40,000 in the Nicaragua enterprise, and has been the friend of Walker all the time. Ex-Senator Soule, also, has large investments in Central America, and both went before Buchanan, with Walker, and heard him promise Walker not to interrupt him in his expedition. Walker demands his trial, and both of these men will be witnesses, and will swear this in the Federal Court. What it will place the old hypocrite in! It will place him where he stood 34 years ago, in the affairs of 'bargain, intrigue and corruption,' which he originated against Clay, back up by old Geo. Kremer! It will show him up to the world as a hypocrite, a two-faced and insincere man, and a grey-headed old demagogue!"

It is a disgrace to any grocery keeper to be detected in such duplicity! It is unworthy of a common black dog; but how much more disgraceful to the President of the United States! The testimony of these two men will be believed throughout the State of Louisiana; and upon their testimony, Walker will be acquitted by the Court at the expense of Buchanan's character."

BARON MUNCHHAUSEN.—Miss Brewster, (daughter of Sir David), in her "Letters from Cannes and Nice," says: "Baron Munchhausen is at Nice! My father met him at a picnic, the other day, and heard from him the history of his celebrated name. One of his ancestors had a chaplain who was famous for 'drawing a long bow'—told, in fact, the most false and extravagant stories. His patron, the Baron of those days, wrote a book on Herodotus Herod, being a collection of still more marvellous adventures, for the purpose of shaming the priest, for which laudable design he was punished, by having his own name held up to posterity as the story-teller par excellence!"

This shows that it is very dangerous to lie, even in jest. The Munchhausens are a Hanoverian family.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM'S EARLY HISTORY.

Mrs. Cunningham came from bad stock, and she and her sister, Mrs. Barnes, were known in Brooklyn, where they were raised as the "Hempstead girls." She has, from her school-days in bad repute, and it was the common saying in Brooklyn, that the theory of the Bible was true, that the iniquities of the fathers descended on the children to the third and fourth generations; it would take at least forty generations.

A smart, bold, good-looking girl, she attracted the attention of a Mr. Cunningham, of Brooklyn. He was of an excellent family. His father was a leading man in the church of Rev. Dr. Spring, then of the 'old brick Church,' and so remained till the day of his death.

This good old man, however, brought up his son to the business of a distiller, and he swayed from the good way of his father, and was a heinous to his mother. He became fascinated with Emma Hempstead, and he lived with her for a number of years. His family felt the foul disgrace, and mourned over the conduct of a son and brother. He was then in business and making money.

But if the family felt the disgrace of his unlawful connection with this woman, a deeper disgrace was in store for them. They were horrified to know that this woman, with whom Mr. Cunningham had lived for six years, had actually become his wife, and that she was really Mrs. Emma A. Cunningham; then began his real troubles. He failed in business soon after his marriage, and in about five years afterwards he died very suddenly, not without suspicions of foul play. He was attended by Dr. Catlin, of Brooklyn. And when Mrs. Cunningham urged Dr. Uhl to aid her in her fraud, she said to him that Dr. Catlin would assist her, 'she had him in her power.' And since the death of her husband, she has been a genteel woman of the town—keeping a house with some repute of cleverness, and taking in such boarders as she chose. The character of the late Dr. Burdell was no better than her own. He knew the woman well, and had her in his house because she knew her. And the summers she passed at the Springs and Newport with the grown up daughters, indulging in the luxury and dissipation of those celebrated places; and both Mrs. Cunningham and her daughters poor, and with no visible means of support, tell its own tale.

GENERAL JACKSON'S PRIVATE OPINION OF JAMES BUCHANAN.

CINCINNATI, February 10, 1858.

A distinguished politician of this city, of the Independent Free Soil Democratic order, an ex-member of Congress, and a man of restless energies, has been writing a series of remarkable articles, which have made their appearance under the style, "Letters from the Hill-top," in the Commercial, the independent newspaper of this city. One of these letters, which appeared in that paper of Tuesday last, contained the following paragraph:

"In this connection, I desire to give a bit of unwritten history, for which I have the testimony of a gentleman present at the interview alluded to. It is well known to the political portion of our community, that the late Moses Dawson was a personal friend of General Jackson. They corresponded regularly, and Andrew Jackson never passed through this city without having an interview with his old and trusted friend. In 1837, on his return from Washington, after the expiration of his second term, Gen. Jackson had a talk with Moses Dawson, in the course of which he used the following language, referring to James Buchanan:

"My political life has no greater regret to me than my neglect to crush this reptile of Pennsylvania. He was the cause of a bitter war between two men of this republic (Clay and Jackson) who should not have been so estranged. His representations caused the charge of bargain and sale, and, when brought home to him, he merely left me alone to face it. Friends interfered then to save him from being exposed, and I listened to them."

His utter detestation of the man was expressed by an emphatic stamp of his foot, when he spoke of him as the "reptile" of Pennsylvania. After the National Democratic Convention of 1844, Jackson wrote to Moses Dawson, expressing his sympathy with Van Buren in his defeat, and added: "But I rejoice at the defeat of Buchanan."—Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.

THEN AND NOW.—The bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union as a State, under the Lecompton Constitution, has passed the Senate. Among the Senators voting "aye," when the bill was put upon its passage, we expect to see the names of R. M. T. Hunter and J. M. Mason, of Virginia; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; and D. L. Yulee, of Florida. Let it not be forgotten that all these gentlemen, in 1850, signed a solemn protest against the admission of California into the Union as a State, because—

"First, That it gave the sanction of law, and thus imparted vitality to an unauthorized action by a portion of the inhabitants of California.

"Second, Without any legal census, or other evidence of their possessing the number of citizens necessary to authorize the representation they may claim.

"Third, Without any of those safeguards against the ballot-box which can only be provided by law, and which are necessary to ascertain the true sense of the people.

"Fourth, As not having sufficient evidence of its (the Constitution) having the assent of a majority of the people for whom it was signed."

A FREE AND CANDID SPEECH.—The True Southron, published at Vicksburg, Mississippi, in reply to some remarks of the Richmond Enquirer, derogatory to N. F. Willis, for voting for Fremont, says:

"As a man, Mr. Willis had a right to vote for whom he pleased. As a friend of Millard Fillmore, we should have been glad to have seen him vote for that great man and true patriot; but as he did not do so—as he chose to vote for Mr. Fremont, (if he did so vote), we see no great difference between voting for him and for James Buchanan. We voted plenty of Southern Democrats who voted for Mr. Buchanan, who now regret that their candidate was elected."

They have no hesitation in saying that they are sorry Fremont was not elected over him. We were never able to discover any great difference between them, and we are quite sure that Mr. Fremont could not have sold the South more effectually than his successful competitor has done. But this aside, we wish to see the great fields of religion and literature exempt from partisan conflicts."

Some parties seem to be trying to change the Democratic creed about the admission of new States. It used to read: "New States shall be admitted, with or without slavery, as the people of the State may desire." The new version reads: "New States shall be admitted, with or without the consent of their people, as Congress may desire."—Louisville Democrat.

A CANADIAN KING.—Our Canadian cousins are advocating the erection of Canada into an Independent Kingdom, with a permanent ruler. The most eligible person we know of, to exercise the regal functions, is John Caniblox Calhoun, of Lecompton Notoriety. Try him.

MAY TO APRIL.

I.
Without your showers,
I need no flowers,
Each field a barren waste appears;
If you don't weep,
My blossoms droop,
They take such pleasure in your tears.

II.
As your dew,
Made rosy for May,
So I must part with all that's mine;
My balmy breeze,
My blossoming trees,
To tarry e'en their sweetest reign.

III.
For April dead,
My shades I spread,
To her I owe my dress so gay;
Of daughters three,
It falls on me
To close our triumphs on our day.

IV.
Thus to rejoice
All nature greets;
Month after month must find its doom!
Time on the wing,
May ends the Spring,
And Summer folios o'er her tomb.

THE MINERAL RESOURCES

Of Southern Illinois are exciting considerable interest in certain quarters, from the discoveries made in the survey of the route for the Southern Illinois Railroad from Mound City to Grayville. We learn from private sources that the developments made by Mr. Jennings, the Chief Engineer, have surprised even those who were partially acquainted with the mineral riches of the region. Veins of brown hematite iron ore were found from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, that could be drifted without stripping, and could be delivered at a tunnel head or a furnace at a cost of \$1 per ton for the ore. The whole region is underlaid with strata of coal, which have been penetrated at different points and found to be four and five in number, lying in convenient positions, one upon another, so that all can be worked together by a single shaft. Indications of salt water—like that found at Equality—for the manufacture, were observed at several points. A fine chalybeate spring was discovered in one location gushing from the side of the hill, which had failed to attract any notice from the inhabitants of the entire neighborhood, except that its waters were so bad that the cattle would not drink it in the driest times. Signs of lead were observed among the hills in different places, and the finest quarries of free and limestone, presented themselves at numerous points along the line. With these rich mineral resources, the greater portion of the district is as fertile as any other portion of the rich estate of Illinois.

But a most interesting fact has been communicated to us by a friend, who says that a gentleman who had been making some geological examinations of the district, employed one of the natives to gather for him specimens of the various curious rocks and minerals found in a region of country around Elizabethtown.

The specimens were packed in a box, and transported a long distance to the gentleman's home. On opening the box and removing its contents, a large globe of quicksilver was observed on the bottom; curious to know where it could have come from, he began an investigation to account for its presence. Finding no other satisfactory explanation, he began to examine the rock, with a powerful microscope, and in one of the specimens, to his surprise, he discovered particles of quicksilver in its pores. He sent the rock to Prof. Owen, who, on examination, pronounced it a rich specimen of cinabar, from which quicksilver is obtained. These specimens were gathered up promiscuously by an illiterate man, who picked up only such as were uncommon in their external appearance. In what particular location he found the cinabar, he is unable to tell himself, and as he traced a pretty wide district, he has left a wide field for search to learn if there be more. The inference is, there is more of it, and perhaps a valuable vein. We have these facts from the highest authority, and a most intelligent source.

THE NEGRO OR HITTITE.—Bayard Taylor, writing from Nubia, in Upper Egypt, says: "Those friends of the African race who point to Egypt as a proof of what the race had accomplished, are wholly mistaken. The only negro features represented in Egyptian sculpture, are those of slaves and captives taken in the Ethiopian wars of the Pharaohs. The temples and pyramids throughout Nubia, as far as Darfur and Abyssinia, all bear the hieroglyphy of monarchs, and there is no evidence in all the valley of the Nile, that the negro race ever attained a higher degree of civilization than is at present exhibited in Congo and Ashantee."

So it may be said of the race that, in the 4,000 years of recorded history, there has been no eminent poet, law-giver, statesman, or high-inventor of negro blood, and the whole story of their contact with the whites, has been invariably that of servitude and subordination.—Statesman.

THAT WALKER LIVES IN IOWA.—Judge Croham, of Oskaloosa, who owns land on the borders of the famous "walled lake in Iowa," says he has often walked round it, has bathed in its waters, and carefully examined its walls, and that no man who understands philosophy, or common reason, would ever think of pronouncing the work of art. In a small portion of the lake the water is from ten to fifteen feet deep, and along about fifty yards of the shore, the wind has blown the sand from the boulders so that a very respectable stairway is formed for geese to descend to the water. And this is all of that wondrous piece of mechanism which has so excited the curiosity of antiquarians.

Mr. George W. Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, writes from his sheep "ranch" in Texas: "I have pastured for 30,000 sheep, and any number of horses and cattle, and to see all this space covered, is now what I am working for. I don't bother my mind a moment about Kansas or Brigham Young, or politics of any kind—don't care who is President—fear God and hate the Indians—am indifferent about Walker and the devil—try to keep my feet warm and my head cool and smoke my pipe in peace with all stinking."

RAID STATE OF AFFAIRS.—The New Orleans Delta says that there is a movement going on in that city, having for its object the introduction of the custom of ladies carrying fire-arms—small pistols, such as are known as vest pocket pistols, and which can be stowed, without inconvenience, in the pocket of the fair shooter's dress, in order to protect themselves from ruffian violence and insult. The Delta cordially endorses the idea.

Gov. McMullen's message to the people of Washington Territory, as published, says that the Constitution "will be to us as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night." That is what we call fiery rhetoric.

Miss Matilda Hyatt is said to have been only moderately patronized by the immaculate legislators of Washington, on account of the immorality of "Camille." The best joke of the season.

It is estimated that, were all the United States as densely inhabited as Massachusetts, they would have a population of 416,000,000 souls.